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## WASHINGTON, D. C.

## RANK AND NOBILITY.

A STORY-BY JEANNE MARIE.

Translated for the Era, by Dr. Edwin A. Atles.

IN THE ARTIST'S EXHIBITION ROOM. There was unusual stir in the Exhibition Variegated groups passed to and fro in the galleries: some, curious and superficial, looked transiently on the walls hung with the best works of the new master; some giving judgment aloud prematurely, or repeating af-ter others, but displaying little true interest or taste for the art. Only here and there might be seen one, absorbed in the contemplation of a peculiarly successful representation, forgetting all the surrounding ones. To these be-lenged Erika, who had come with Glöben longed Erika, who had come with Globen once more before her journey, which she thought she had fully concluded on, and stood beside Seraphine, before Müller's Madonna. She knew that the young painter was the brother of the preacher, the fire of whose eloquence had so wonderfully animated her.

"Ab, how proud must be the mother of these

two sons, how happy!" said she, turning to Count Sternhof, who had come up to the group. "Do you know if she is still living, and where Sternhof blushed. "No," answered he, " am not initiated in the circumstances of the

family, who are so happy as to excite your in-"The woman is to be envied," continued Erika, without heeding Sternhof. "What en-

thusiasm there must be in the possession of such children. She has a demand on the gratitude of the world." "Very many mothers of such talented men are so simple," said Seraphine, "that they do not know how to value their worth."

Still I would like their simplicity, their un-

assuming pretensions would seem so much the more engaging," affirmed Erika.

At this moment two persons came into the room, now almost vacant—an elderly female on the arm of a young, handsome man—and Stern-hof as well as Erika felt electrically moved. That is he." sounded in the soul of the maiden, who remained immovable by the frame to which the new comers were approaching. Sternhof withdrew a few steps. He felt that his mother had discovered him, and feared some imprudence on her part. Gladly would be have secreted himself in the adjoining hall, but he had to remain as the protector of the young ladies, while the Minister's lady wandered on with her nephew, who this day had good reason to be unusually complaisant and attentive.

Erika knew not whether the strangers had ne over, or remained standing. She had not "There dear mother, here they have placed Edmund's painting," said Adrian to Mrs. Mül-

to speak to Seraphine, and she sought to condental meeting, by appearing to be taken up with the sight of her son's greatly admired painting: and Erika, who was desirous of an acquaintance with the artist's mother, turned to wards her, and looked so full of sympathy into her face, that Mrs. Müller, uninvited, asked if she also felt hersolf spoken to by this devout

"I bow before the artist who produced it."

was the answer.

Adrian cast an observant look on Erika. and suddenly it occurred to him that those were the same eyes that in church read him words from the soul, and whose glances rested on him like sunlight. Who might she be, this admirably magnificent appearance? Erika read the query in his manner.

"I wish, as soon as it shall please him, to be acquainted with one who, whether poet, artist, or other man, has so affected me, that I would offer him my thanks. He has so attracted me that I desire to become known to him. Alas I fear such wish will remain unfulfilled, since the most distinguished men are the most re-served, perhaps because forwardness and curiosity too oft annoy them," observed Erika.

"My son, for I am the mother of the young artist, is shy and reserved, yet without pride or presumption.

Because perhaps he fears the wounds which praise itself inflicts on the artist," said Erika. "Who can realize the acute feelings of an art-

"I call that man peculiarly happy, to whom nature has given an indication where his ef-forts are to be exerted; to whom she has im-parted a decided talent, and withal has obviated any error on his part," said Adrian, joining in the conversation. "I might even assert that such a gift is dormant in every man, and that with many there requires only an occasion to call it forth. Wherefore the artist owes two-fold thanks to nature and the circumstances in which he is born, for the gift and the

"You believe, then, in an equal distribution of talents, and that our own weakness and use-lessness lie in wrong application and want of self-knowledge," asked Erika.

"Or in a wrong state of life," answered Adrian. "How many, if born in another place, in a different situation, would have per-formed things great and glorious; whereas, in their confined sphere of action they are com-pelled to labor against their inclination. Specially do we find this the case with artists, who in their struggles with poverty and unkind usage, have oft carried distinguishing talents

Baler noticed with embarrassment that Erika spun out the conversation with his brother, the thread of which was not soon likely to be the thrend of which was not soon likely to be broken, as she tarried long in his mother's company. In the presence of the latter, she showed remarkable restlessness. Her desire to speak to him conflicted with the fear of incurring his displeasure, and as he seemed cold and indifferent, she believed she read in his behaviour a signal for significant iour a signal for similar strangeness, and com-pelled herself to strict submission. Seraphine pelled herself to strict submission. Seraphine felt like Baler, and was equally reserved. The company were now standing before a vast painting, "An assembly of criminals in church." The expressions in their hardened, cunning, distracted features, at the discourse of passion-distracted features, at the discourse of the preacher, were displayed with master

and Adrian spoke disparagingly of it, apparently with deprecating opposition, as if he designed to censure the masterly performance, and wished to have the art banished from the world: to remove its turpitude, and banish the artists to the kingdom of ridicule, and never more hurt his even with their labored imitamore hurt his eyes with their labored imita-

ments of beholders, I feel humbled for the artist, who breathes out in colors the history of his and now, after this first victory of self-control, it will be easy for us still to maintain an aplove and his sufferings, as he resigns it to the ignorant crowd.

"It would be too tedious to trace the sources of these works, and follow their catastrophes,' observed Adrian. I believe, that as the out ward representation of the soul's inward life is ward representation of the south and the laddective, if we could compare both, we might have a twofold perception of the weakness of the copyist, somewhat as he himself has if he be not vain and blinded. Our sympathy with the performer restrains our free judgment, limits our criticism, and embitters our pleasure

"You are right. It were unwise to intrude into the mysteries of the performance, when it pains us to express delight in the finished exe-cution as a whole; to disjoint its parts and pry into its source, that which awakens every thought within us, without our being able to

explain its origin. There certainly requires great strength of mind," remarked Adrian, "to encumber our-selves with the burden of knowledge, in the waste of the best powers of life, and not to sink under it. While at one time we are by zeal ous search convinced of our own insignificance we again find so immense a field of labor expanding before us, that our eye looks in vain for a boundary. And thus it is with every science. This, however, is the spirituality of it, that it is infinite, this is the evidence of its livine descent."

Erika had forgotten her company, and would have continued longer in conversation with Adrian, if now, to Baler's comfort and relief, the Minister's lady and her nephew had not joined the group. Adrian took his leave as soon as he perceived the company he was in, and who the lady was with whom he had been conversing so much and so earnestly. He led his mother, who had to support herself on him ns mother, who had to support herself on him lest she should sink, to an adjoining room. Her painful situation did not escape her son, but the heat of the room and bustle of people around him were sufficient to account for it; and Mrs. Müller was thankful for this accident, preventing the foreible rending of her

mystery.
"That was really young Müller, who lately preached in the cathedral," said the Minister's lady, when he had withdrawn. "I congratulate thee on this interesting acquaintance. Dost thou know that it is said the vacant place of village preacher is to be given him? The Duke wishes it; and netwithstanding Prince Reichsfeld is much opposed, the former will of course have the victory.'

"That would be very agreeable to me," said Erika; "then we might hope to hear him occasionally, whereas he would be lost to us on the manor of Reichsfeld."

These words were spoken in so low a tone that the Lady von Hochstein had no suspicion that a star had suddenly risen on the life's firmament of her adopted daughter. She was rather led by Erika's conduct to a false conlusion : for, thoroughly radiated and warmed she also cast a glance at Count Sternhof, who appeared unusually sad and gloomy. But she unintentionally disappointed him, as her only wish was to make him happy, while happy her-"It is strange that thou hast so great a like

ness to young Müller," said Glöben, inflexibly

persevering in this assertion, and thereby re newing Sternhof's ill temper, which had beded gun to evaporate by Erika's blooming lovelistriking to-day, when the man is not in his robe. Truly, if he wore a beard, as thou dost, on would be mistaken one for the other. Erika could not see the resemblance, for sh looked less on the form than on the illumina-tion. In her view, Müller was a man too different from Sternhof to be able to fix a resemblance between them. She moreover felt not disposed to dispute with Glöben on this point. The tone of levity in which the latter proceeded to speak of a person, to describe whom she would herself have failed for language, offended her. She would have passed from a theme too serious to be trifled with, and breather more freely when she left the picture gallery

and rolled home alone in her carriage,
As, several days before, Count Eisheim found his daughter in carnest thought, the alteration in her manner did not escape him. "My dear child," said he, "I said a word or two about our approaching journey, and they are teazing me with invitations for next week, which as yet I have neither declined nor accepted. First, the Duke Reichsfeld wishes us to spend a sociable evening with him; and as thou hast recently expressed the desire to be acquainted with the young preacher, Müller, I believe such an evening would be very agreeable to thee, when thou canst to thy heart's content dispute and philosophize, without being annoyed by invitations to dance, which are so unpleasant o thee; for Hyppolith's governor will not fail

to be in this select circle."

Erika listened very attentively. "The Duk is very kind," said she, "and we cannot with propriety suffer this invitation to be set aside. I am glad of that evening."

PROPOSITIONS

Baler was rejoiced when he no longer oreathed the atmosphere of his mother, and was freed from the everlasting raillery and tor-ment of Globen. With a loud sigh he threw himself, as usual on a sofa, and sank into deep meditation. The muscles of his face twitched

"It cannot, must pot remain thus," said he half aloud; "the annoyance of this unnatural state of things undermines my health. Besides. how can I change it without making mysel an object of open remark and critical judg ment, without appearing heartless and double minded? Must I suffer any one who may think proper, to doubt of the legitimacy of my birth, and of the record of my baptism? Would I not by such a step most deeply degrade my-self?" Baler shuddered at the thought, that he who had, till now, been the distinguished, rich Count, of whose origin no man doubted whose name none dared to attack, who be longed to the most ancient in the land—that all these advantages with which fortune favored him should be subject to suspicion And Erika, the proud Countess Eisheim, that she should know his weak side, who as it were sees through him—how unsparingly would she touch the galled spots! No; he would never give matter for public derision, witty bon mots, and satirical comparisons; therefore resolved to prepare the following letter:

"DEAR MOTHER: The excitements to which accidents subject us are too hazardous to our mutual health, and the quiet of our min's, net to be of weightiest moment, and require som

method of obviating them. . "As you have not given me a second invita-tion to visit you, I am convinced that, after mature consideration, you assent to my views, and esteem it most advisable to suffer no kinand esteem it most advisable to salte it dred approximation to take place between me and my brothers and sister. You will have seen the advantage to both parties thereby, and that what maternal tenderness could not at first discover has been shown to the prostrokes.

Erika's looks met those of Adrian. "What a triumph to rescue these lost souls, and lead them back to goodness!"

But what grief, to have knocked in vain at their closed feelings, and to see the words of love dashed to pieces on the coat of mail of obduracy."

The conversation again turned on the art, and Adrian spoke disparagingly of it, apparently with deprecating opposition, as if he desired.

and the conference became more animated.

"When I reflect what pain and delight, what ambitious hopes and bitter disappointments, these works enkindle in the breast of the artist," said Erika, "and compare them with the heedless censures and arrogant judgunfeeling as in order to oppose any discovery, to rob you of the consolation for which you

parent distance, a quiet indifference, in presence of the ignorant and uninitiated. We shall no longer cast down our eyes with the painful consciousness that our secret will be read in our confused manner; we will freely and openly look each other in the face; for we can say to ourselves that we have chosen what is right,

enjoy in private, in undisturbed retirement of the purest happiness is that which is gether. The purest happiness is that which is unobserved by the world. Why shall we exumbserved by the world. Why shall we example to improve the pure that anything could stop old and crazier every day — and between their both, they say some queer things."

Say," or Deacon Dudley from speaking what "No wonder," returned Mary Dinnies, much between their both, they say some queer things." pose ours to every eye? Too sensitive to impart to you personally the true ground of my adherence to the views expressed. I declare openly wing myself the son of my mother the brother of her children. They are quite different motives that lead and direct my conduct. Solicitude for the reputation of every one nearest my heart causes me to appear even before them in a false light. The world is wicked and knavish; it might bring into ques tion your sporters purity, of which I am convinced, and I could not bear to see your honor

"No, mother. I dare not see you and myself exposed to the assaults of slanderous tongues I dare not suffer your honor and mine to be sullied by surmises. You as well as myself are of more value than that I should deliver myself up to the thrust-blade of satire.

"I could dwell longer on this subject—could trace a picture that would appal you—but will treat no longer on the sad theme; for I believe I have said enough to deter you from the pos-

sibility of an open conference.
"But now, lest you should need a verbal in terchange, and your heart were not fully satisfied, I am willing, as soon as I have your suffrage, to hire a room in the suburb, where we can see and converse with each other any hour of the day. I shall depend on your wish in regard to the day on which you may wish to see me, and will also beg you to appoint the hou at which such interview may most suitably take place, without danger of discovery. As indeed I am alone, but not independent of a thousand little but important calls in society you will find my desires reasonable, and will the rather yield to them, since in this man ner only an undisturbed interview is poss Soon as I have your answer, I will ceed to the accomplishment of my plan, and let you know the situation and number of the house that shall be designated for our visit in

When Baler sealed this letter, and delivered it himself at the post office, he was in a better state of mind. He believed that he had thus leared his conscience, and was convinced that Mrs. Müller would coincide with his wishes, and give up her own. He supposed her to be value for, the feelings of a mother, or the per-sistence of hope of a loving heart. Mrs. Mulletter of her son, ere she was prepared for all. The judgment of the world, the opinion of the multitude, were of indifference to she could succeed in reconciling Baler to an interview with his kindred, and she ceased not to hope for a satisfactory result of his frequent verbal promises. She therefore wrote him the

"I wait the determination, my son, and hor see thee soon. No distance is too great fo me, that brings me nearer to my air

Baler saw himself caught in his own net, and new time of uneasiness broke in upon him.

For the National Era. SOLOMON PEPPERELL'S THANKSGIVING

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

'Squire Pepperell was a well-kept manexceedingly well-kept man, and a rather well-favored man, too, as no one would deny, that saw him, as he leaned over his front gate o Thanksgiving evening, and watched the car-riage that bore his only son and heir back to the busy life of the city. True, he was swar-thy, almost, as an Indian, and there was a hardess about the lines of his face that might suggest to a person of sensitive nerves and quick apprehension, the idea of dogged obstinacy, not to say cruelty, and a striking fullness about the ears and throat, that reminded one of the animal; but, then, such people run away with a thousand fancies, and 'Squire Pepperell was

a very respectable man.

He had been keeping Thanksgiving that day, and certainly no man among us had more reason to be thankful. At least, so said the good gossips, as they referred to the time when he had started in the world, with only the clothes on his back, and those none of the best. and compared it with his present position; and, certes, if success in the accumulation of property be the criterion of prosperity, they were right; or, if a keen, shrewd brain, a heart of stone, a conscience of the accommodating qual ities of gutta percha, and a hand of iron, are to be set down as the choicest gifts in God's great catalogue of blessings, then they were right. He had never doubted, or rather, in the whole sixty years of his existence, had never given himself time to doubt but what they were, and actually seemed to think that, in working out the problem of life, with money for a quotient he was fulfilling the highest destiny of man. Yes, he was a very respectable man; every thing about him, from the bold region of self esteem and firmness, which rose like cold, snow covered promontories from a sea of stiff iron-gray hair, to the toe of his well-polished boot indicated it-and a very popular man withal as was exceedingly natural, seeing he owned all the land between Spencer's farm and the Mill river, to say nothing of his money invested elsewhere—had been elected twice to the State Legislature, paid the heaviest town tax of any one in the place, and, though not "a professor," always bought one of the highest seats in church, and had, at several times during late years, manifested quite an interest in the subject of religion; so much so, that several good, honest souls among us entertained a strong hope that he might yet become "a burning and shining light in the church," and his great property pay its legitimate share towards all benevolent objects. It must be confessed, however, that there was here and there, an old person, gifted with a stubborn memory, which would not let them forget, or fail to remind others, how that wealth been obtained. But these were old-fashioned people, whose notions of right and wrong were as old-fashioned and musty as themselves; therefore, few heeded their words. Besides, therefore, tew needed their spirited "—at 'Squire Pepperell was so "public-spirited "—at least, so the younger and more ambitious porleast, so the younger and more and who does tion of our community asserted; and who does not know that the possession of the somewhat indefinite virtues included under that general head, cover a multitude of private sins?

"Hadn't the 'Squire subscribed more than any one else towards the new graveyard fence; and hadn't he said, repeatedly, that if Jem Morgan would only pull down or move off his forlorn-looking old barn near the south corner of the common, by the bridge, that he would level the spot, plant it with shade trees, and build a new bridge at his own expense, if the

such undeniable proofs of the Squire's "pub- more and more light-headed every day." pretended to deny, kept a grog shop in days gone by, and sold rum to his neighbors until their fine farms passed into his hands, and a very poorly, Mary Dinnies. The Doctor says she can't hold out but a leetle while lon-says says she can't hold out but a lee lic spirit" as these, even if he had, as no one

he averred to be "the everlasting truth. Never, perhaps, had 'Squire Pepperell's popu them in writing; not, as you may perhaps sup-pose, that selfish considerations hinder me from val day. The one drop needed to fill his cup of earthly blessings to overflowing, had been granted. His only child, William, who was a lawer of fair practice in a neighboring State, had very unexpectedly been elected to Congress. That son had, for the first time for many years, come home to eat his festival din ner at his father's table. He lad duly attend ed church, where his ready recognition of old acquaintances was considered quite remarkable by many, though why his memory should touched. Entangled in endless quarrels, I might fall in the combat for the legitimacy of my name and the honor of yours; and your conscience, that has already suffered so much assured him that they "should have known him anywhere." His political honors, his wife's on my account, would succumb to this new

costume and manners, the beauty of his little boys, formed a piquant sauce for the Thanksgiving dinners of the congregation; and how ever people might differ in their opinions of these topics, there was one with regard to which they manifested a delightful manimity. viz: that the people of Maplehurst were quite as eligible to the highest political offices as any

'Squire Pepperell had not lived among us all his days for nothing. He had counted on making this impression; therefore his face was so resplendent with self-satisfaction as he leaned over the gate to shake hands for the second time with the Doctor and his newly-married wife, as they passed, that the somewhat hard temper of the lady melted beneath its influence, backed by some very complimentary re-marks about the ladies in general, which he knew she would appropriate in particular, until-she could not help observing to her husband, as they turned away, that she "wondered how people could call 'Squire Pepperell proud and hard; it must be all envy for he certainly was

a most agreeable man." It is strange how opinions differ. Little Addy Greene had often seen the same expression on his face, even more unctuous and be nign, when he had praised her scholarship in the rest,) and more especially did his counte-nance assume this kind of radiant effulgence, when she met him on her way home from school, and he drew up his horse, and urged and give up her own. He supposed her to take a seat in his carriage, as her to ignorant of the great city, and too timid, to walk so far without an attendant; and if she were to reject his proposal, nothing would remain for him to do, and no reproach would be main for him to do, and no reproach would be check and temples, and she involuntarily her to take a seat in his carriage, as he was fall him. But he had mistaken, had too little shrank away from him. But, then, Addy was

> pretty much the same thing now as then, we trow. And there, a full mile off, but just as plain to his eye as if it made a part of his door-yard, lay the small green meadow, the very thought of which filled him with heavisessions seem almost valueless in his eyes. It was like the vineyard of Naboth to Ahab, and he coveted it, not because it was "near his house," but because it notched right into his territories, and the possession of it would be the covered of th territories, and the possession of it would bring them even with the river, to say nothing about its being a most excellent bit of land. it lay, its sere, brown slopes looking even sunny and cheerful in that wintry atmosphere, and the dark frown deepened on his brow as he discerned, even at that distance, the figure of its owner, Nat Turner, who, poor and plagued and shiftless as he was, had had the impuand shiftless as he was, had had the importance, more than once, not only to refuse his large offers for it, but to stand up and take the Good Shepherd, who loves little children, and that I shall never be cold nor hungry nor and that I shall never be cold nor hungry nor the cold nor hungry nor had the cold nor hungry nor the cold nor hungry nor had that I shall never be cold nor hungry nor had the cold nor hungry nor hungry nor had the cold nor hungry nor hungry nor had the cold nor hungry nor an oath, to his very face, that "so long as he lived, never should be or any of his race possess that sunny remnant of the inheritance of his fathers; nor even after his death, if it lay in his power to preventit." Inefficient as he was in most things, he kept this oath with dogged obstinacy. To be sure, when Nat's whole tribe he said that in a little while you would come of children took the scarlet fever, there was a to me if you were good; and I told him you fair prospect that he would be obliged to yield hearted fool," as the Squire called him, gave in most of his bill, especially after little Nat died, so there was nothing left for him to do but frown and grate his teeth, and employ the little pettifogging lawyer who had

tive goose, the remnants of pudding, and the broken vegetables, from which Sally Smart, the matron, had satisfied her own appetite, and permitted her husband and chilnren to do the ame, before it was placed upon the paupers same, before it was placed upon the paupers table, could be considered worthy of that name—and the half dozen paralytic, rheumatic, broken-down souls, that made up the town poor, hobbled away from the table, some crouching over the ashes, and mumbling with toothless gums of the fine times they had when they were young. Two or three, who carried thankful hearts under all life's changes, lingered in the sunlight to warm their frozen gered in the sunlight, to warm their frozen blood, and listen to old Nehemiah Tyler's account of the sermon, (for he was the only on of their number who had been able to go t church,) while one tall, gaunt, white-haired old man, who had lingered longest at the table, although he seemed to eat little or nothing, buttoned his neatly-brushed but threadbare coat around him, and hastily left the room.

"The old Colonel is in something of a hurry. He might have staid and just had a sociable chat, seeing it's Thanksgiving," croaked old Grannie Bean, as she extended her skinny fingers for a pinch of Scotch snuff from the profed box of one of her cronies.

"Whist, Grannie; he is worrying his life

house? "Such things were customary in those days. Somebody else would have done it if don't know as we can desire to have her. It's he hadn't; and they ought to be thankful that as good as a sermon to hear her talk, though with what is best in our view.

"Still, what it will be our duty to abstain from before the world, we can practice and enjoy in private, in undisturbed retirement tohave it inferred that anything could stop old and crazier every day - and, between them

singly. "It's little I thought, when, a tailoress girl. I used to sew in his family week after week, and everything went on so prosperously and so happily that I sometimes envied them, that he would spend his last days in the poor house—or myself, either, for that matter," sh added, after a pause, as she looked down or

"An' it's no ways likely you would, if John Morris had lived, or if you hadn't gone to work before you got over that dreadful fit of fever, returned old Grannie Bean. "You was most a dreadful sick person. But as for little Milly Gilbert, or Milly Lee, as the Colonel insists on calling her-for it's getting to be imossible to make him understand that it isn't s Milly, who died away off yonder, when the child was born; (I argued with him yesterday about it, until I got out of all manner of pa-tience)-it's my mind that she won't live out fail. You needn't shake your head, neighbor Tyler; for it's my firm belief that no person dies without warning."

Leaving these worthies to their dispute about

orlorn, but perchance a stronger term would better; for it were well if the unswept floorthe miserable bed—the tattered, stringless curtain before the window-the stained and dusty stand, holding cracked teacups and sticky-looking phials—the tarnished, broken-handled spoon, did not cause the most benevolent heart to turn away in disgust.

out so, also, was that stable at Bethlehem; and hath lifted the curse from woman's discrowned brow, and was consecrated afresh in the person of the Virgin Mother. No: there was no love here save the dim flame which gleamed and flickered in the heart of a feeble, halfcrazed old man; and yet, no one could gaze on that meek, transparent face, so thin and wan, the village school, (for our people, as is the case in village politics, when they found him eligible to one office, had nominated him to something of the divine presence of Him who made that humble birthplace sacred to all time made that humble birthplace sacred to all time so patient, and serene, that looked out from was here, casting into shade the miserable acclear as inland seas, and the mass of sunny hair floating like a golden cloud above them. The old man spread his hoarded treasures upon a clean bit of paper before her, and, ga-

zing wistfully into her eyes, pressed her to eat, in his broken, disjointed way. Really, friends, it would have done your hearts good, and given you a conception of a true festival face (so to speak) for all time, if you could have seen the Squire, as he stood there by his gate, and let his eye range slowly over his broad acres, from Spencer's to the river. But as his glance swept along the winding course of the river, a change came over his spirit. There must always be some alloy in the most perfect earthly success—some drop of bitterness in the sweetest cup; and if Solomon of Israel found it so in the by-gone ages, why should Solomon Pepperell be exempt? Life is pretty much the same thing now as then, we

like out into the room.
"Yes, I shall be well, quite well, then, granded, as with her little shrunken fingers she attempted to draw it to her bosom. "I shall be quite well, grandfather, when summer comes, for then I shall be where they neither hunger nor thirst any more. I think I shall die, grand-father: I have thought so a long time; and they will lay me by the side of grandmother's grave, where we used to sit so often, on please ant Sundays, last summer. But I shall not be there, grandfather; the minister told me all

were good, grandfather—very good."
While the little one spoke, the old man caressingly over her golden locks, he said, eagerly, "Die! You are getting fidgety, little Milly. It's no wonder—in this cold room, but frown and grate his teeth, and employ the little pettifogging lawyer who had recently come into the village, and rented an office of him, to get hold of some claim on Turner, if possible. The little man thought he had partially succeeded, and it was the knowledge of this that partly neutralized the depth and blackness of the 'Squire's frown, as he made his way into the house, and proceeded once to look over the papers, and calculate the chances in his favor.

CHAP. II.

Dinner was over at the alms-house—Thanksgiving dinner, if the rack of a rather diminutive goose, the remnants of pudding, and the lock of the control of the chances in the fact of a rather diminutive goose, the remnants of pudding, and the lock of the control of the chances in the fact of a rather diminutive goose, the remnants of pudding, and the lock of the great and the gerly, "Die! You are getting fidgety, little gerly, "Die! You are getting fidgety, little of the great and calculate the seem of the sunshine comes; but old folks die first. See! I have lived to be over the lock what can be," he went on, musingly, "for I was forty-four the day you was forty-four the day you was born, Milly—we were both born the 10th day of June, and—you are so little, child. I can't make it out; but then my head gets kinder confused sometimes. But we shall live a good while yet, Milly. You know what the lock was better than you. And who knows what may turn up before that time? We may get back my property again," he added, getting up and walking the floor with excited steps; "we from the Church? Nay, verily. No one conversant with the views of the leading men versant with the views of the leading that they cannot accompanie that they cannot accompanie that they can knows better than years are!" he said, musingly, as, in the case of the line of policy which these men is the consent to the propriety of the excision of slavery or its separated the extinction of room where we were born. It's strange how slow these lawyers are!" he said, musingly, as, almost exhausted by his vehemence, he again sank into a chair by her side. "It's more than a year, I think, since I spoke to Judge Kane about it, and it is not settled yet!"

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

me on the 11th day of last May, and asked me to accompany him to Eaton College, to see a curious bird's nest. We accordingly proceeded thither, and having passed through the beautiful chapel attached to that college, ascended the winding steps of the bell tower of the chapel. After getting to a considerable height, any further progress was stopped by a sort of pillar built of sticks. The staircase was sufficiently lighted to afford complete observation of the proceedings of the birds, which I will now en-deavor accurately to describe. On the ledge

William Miner, and Deacon Dudley, say to Colonel about her, for it pears to me he gets quired that precise slope or angle for their pil-"Mad-mad as a March hare," muttered port of the nest. It was the eighth step below the opening, and from it the pillar was raised to a height of exactly ten feet, and was composed of a stack-like work of sticks. The nest then rested upon the top of it, and was per-fectly secure. The labor which these very fectly secure. The labor which these very ingenious and industrious birds had bestowed in the collection of so large a mass of sticks must have been enormous. One circumstance struck me as very curious. The entrance of the aperture in the wall was very nar-

row; the difficulty of conveying some of the larger sticks through it must have been consequently great. On examining the sticks, I found that each of them had been broken, or, rather cracked exactly in the centre, so that they could be doubled up. They were thus also the bet-ter adapted for the construction of the stack in a compact form. \* 1 should add that the birds were occupied during seventeen days in the performance of their laborious task.

Jesse's Country Life.

## LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, June 16, 1852. To the Editor of the National Era ;

To correct all misapprehension, I think it proper to say that my strictures in a late letter upon the temper exhibited in the Anti-Slavery onvention, which met here, were not designed to single out that body, or its individual members, as peculiarly obnoxious to the charge of tolerance, or the exhibition of an uncharitade spirit towards those differing with them, as the night. There were two corpse-lights in the candle last night, and I never knew that sign fail. You needn't shake your head, neighbor ings of others, which were just as open to animadversion. The Convention which met here one year previous was quite as deserving of "omens and warnings," let us follow their gaunt old confrere to the forlorn chamber whither he had hurried. We use the word those of the Garrison party in Boston and New York. Of many of these it may be said, with oo much truth, that they have been marked by the same spirit of sweeping denunciation of the American Churches; the same disposition to overlook the vast amount of good d by the great voluntary associations of the pres-ent day, which derive all their efficiency from the Evangelical Christianity of the age same disposition to make a deficiency of duty in regard to the removal of one great sin vitihere, as there, lay a child—not watched over and guarded, alas! by that mother-love which society: the same tendency to make certain views in regard to the Slavery question the sole test of personal piety, the decisive standand to overlook all that has been done and is doing for the ultimate removal of this enormous evil, if it be not done with the railroad speed or in the peculiar manner they desire. It was this spirit, which I perceived was prominent in the Convention, that I condemn-ed; and though my language, owing to my not as fully in amplification and proof of my allegations as would have been desirable, was cessaries of the scene, by bright visions of the eternal home in heaven. A girlish, childish face it was, of some eight years old or so, and very beautiful too, with its blue eyes, deep and that the censures bestowed upon the extreme views, and the temper in which they were ad-

> tially just.
>
> To the platform upon which the Convention met, I made no objection. Called in a catholic

vocated, in that Convention, were not substan-

land, were "wholly corrupt," "unworthy of confidence," were "not Churches of Christ," &c.; that it was the duty of all Anti-Slavery which they would be personally responsible as long as they remained in them. There can be no mistake here, as the language employed was decided, and definite to the dullest apprehension. There was no labored attempt, it is true, to prove these positions; they were rather taken for granted, and so interwoven with the trains of thought of the speakers as to come out incidentally in some form in most of the addresses. The old churches were uniformly spoken of as corrupt, apostate, hopelessly wed-ded to Slavery; the political parties placed in the same category, and secession, not purification or reformation, insisted upon as the sole

crimination was made in favor of those churches which have "taken a right position, have separated themselves from Slavery, and have borne a faithful testimony against this gigantic evil." What is meant by a right position, and a faithful testimony, no one who heard the debates in the Convention can doubt. Was it intended to except from his "richly merited censure" the numerous church mem-bers and ministers who deplore the existence of Slavery; who do not apologize for it; who openly condemn it; who would rejoice in its speedy extinction; who entertain honest doubts as to the safety or propriety of instant emancipation, and cannot approve many of the breadth the line of policy which these men have marked out as the "right position," come within the range of their denunciations.

Now, I have nothing to say against the propriety of adopting secession from a church or party, in order to promote more effectually the cause of Liberty. In practice, like yourself, I have sanctioned this course. But, as one who has no connection with any religious society tolerating Slavery, and who long since repu-diated both the great political parties, controlled as they have always been by the Slave Power, and who, if compelled to choose between them would certainly be a non-voter, I accord for those who are sincerely Anti-Slavery in their feelings the same liberty I claim for myself. I built of sticks. The staircase was sufficiently lighted to afford complete observation of the proceedings of the birds, which I will now endeavor accurately to describe. On the ledge of one of the narrow apertures for the admission of light, a pair of jackdaws had built their "Whist, Grannie; he is worrying his life out over little Milly. Didn't you see, he scarcely swallowed a mouthful of his dinner, but saved it all for her. I saw him slip it into a paper, and put it under his coat. He thinks she could eat, poor thing, if she had anything cooked up nice," returned another.

"And how is the poor child, Mabel?" asked one of old Smith's audience, a patient, meekeyed looking woman, whose distorted limbs showed her to be a cripple. "I have not seen her for nearly a week; for this last storm has got into my bones, and I can't get up stairs for the life of me. I don't like to say much to the

and it would be just as uncharitable and un just to attribute the conduct of those who have eschewed secession to a want of attachment to Freedom, as to accuse those who have adopted views of duty, and, without attempting to decide which are right, I state them to show that this is an open question, not by any means to be decided either way by any authority. whatever, so as to make the course any one may take in regard to it a test of his Anti-Slavery orthodoxy. It is for attempting to do this that the late Convention and others like it de serve the censure they have received.

There is a fallacy lying at the root of the

system of measures I have taken exception to,

which seems plausible only at first view. It is,

that the individuals constituting a religious society are partakers in and personally responsible for the evils existing and tolerated within it. Nothing can be more clear to my mind, or more consonant with every correct view of Christian morality, than that they cannot be thus responsible while they are bearing a decided and open testimony before the world against these evils, and seeking in such a manner as their best judgment approves, to banish them eventually from that society and from the world. Without discussing the point, I remark, world. Without discussing the point, I remark, that the whole stream of Scriptural authority is against this position. In times of great corruption and apostacy in the Jewish nation, the Prophets, from the age of Elijah to that of Isaiah and Ezra, while rebuking the sins of the people and laboring for the purification of the Jewish church, never second from it. Elijah tried secession on a small scale, but was re buked by God—"What doest thou here, Eli jah?"-and was sent back to labor for the model Reformer, never left the communion of the Jewish church, though the whole nation was far gone in error and corruption. On the very eve of his betrayal, he joined with his disciples in celebrating the Passover, a Jewish ordinance. And though the Apostles, after his ascension, organized a new one, it was not on account of the intolerable depravity of the Jewish church, but because the time had fully come for a new dispensation, to supersede with and the Prophets. Had not one tithe of the prevalent corruption at the time of Christ's adcent existed-nay, more, had the Jewish church been a pure one, the Christian church would have taken its place, according to the predictions of a long succession of prophets.

I need hardly refer to the great Reformers, Luther and Wesley; the one never left the Roman Church until he was excommunicated and the other remained in the Church of England to his last day, laboring for its reform: tion, and to a great extent not in vain. Were the Evangelical churches of this country anything like as corrupt as the Romish or English churches at the above periods, it might be a question whether secession and a new organi-zation were not best; but we believe no such assertions. The fact that they have not done what we think their duty to the slave, is not of itself sufficient proof. There are a dozen other branches of duty as deserving of consideration, in making up an estimate of Christian character, as that of faithfulness to freedom; and a sweeping condemnation of whole bodies of good men, without a charitable and fair estimate of their influence as a whole upon the world, is unfair and unjust.

I regret any harshness of expression in my last letter, not intending to censure any indithe extreme opinions and measures I reprobated, merit censure, no matter by whom advo-

## STATE POLITICAL ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION IN INDIANA.

This Convention met at Indianapolis on the 17th of May, and continued in session three days. The following are some of the resolutions adopted :

Resolved, That the Platform adopted by the Buffalo Convention in 1848 is our Platform, so far as it is applicable at the present time, and sets forth in detail our principles and meas-

the recently-adopted Constitution of this State is not only a palpable violation, but a direct contradiction, of the principles avowed in the first article of that instrument, and of the prin-ciples avowed in the Federal Constitution, which declare that all men are created equal that it is a most daring assumption of the pre-rogative of God. and an acknowledged attempt on the part of its framers to subvert His laws

and regulations.

Resolved, That this is not less the native land of the negro than the white man, and that a proposition to remove, by direct or constructive rce, the former, (to any other country.) is in every way as unjust and impudent as would be a proposition to remove the latter. Resolved. That the "Fugitive Slave Act,"

enacted by the last Congress, is in derogation of the genius of our free institutions, an un-warrantable encroachment upon the sovereignty of the States, a violation of the principles of natural and revealed religion, an assumption of legislative power without constitutional authority, and a monstrous exhibition of tyranny injustice, cruelty, and oppression.

Resolved, That the doctrine that any human

law is a "finality," and, as such, not subject to the examination of the people, and, if they desire it, to amendment or repeal, is not in ac-cordance with the faith and creed of the founders of our Government; and we as friends of our country, denounce such doctrine as most dangerous to the liberties of the people. Resolved, That the Whig and Democratic organizations have outlived the questions which called them into life and organized their

forces under their champions, and that they have therefore no apology for their existence thus lengthened out beyond its time, but the traditionary reverence of their votaries for names under which they once battled.

Resolved, That these organizations, headed by ambitious and mercenary leaders, are pitted against each other in a mere scramble for place and power; and that an unqualified and barefaced submission to the behests of slavery, in all things, is the indispensable and openly-avowed condition upon which their existence can be maintained. Resolved, therefore, That these organizations are not parties, but factions, the great bane of republics; and that every lover of his country should labor by all honorable endeavors for their overthrow; not only because they are fac-

tions, but because they necessarily involve their supporters in the guilt of slaveholding, and thus become the strongholds of slavery.

Resolved, That our sympathies are with the oppressed of all nations; that the cause of Hungary is dear to us; and that wherever man is trodden down, and the tyrant is exalted, we love the oppressed and loathe the tyrant; and upon the same principle we plead the cause of the enslaved of our own land against their ty-

rannical holders,

Resolved. That the cause of oppression, as well as the cause of freedom, is one, the world over, and that this truth has been amply illus-

over, and that this truth has been amply illustrated by every step of the progress of Louis Kossuth through the slave States.

Resolved, That the public lands of right belong to the people, and should neither be sold for revenue, nor in any way allowed to speculators, but should only be granted, without charge, in limited quantities, to actual settlers.

Resolved, That our party is the party of the
Constitution and the Union, of Freedom and
of Progress; that it is opposed in principles and aims to sectionalism, secession, and disunion, and knows no North, no South, no East, no

West, but embraces with equal patriotic love the country, the whole country, one and indi-The Committee on Nominations made the llowing report; which was concurred in by

For Governor-Andrew L. Robinson, of Van-